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### THE NATION'S AWAKENING.

Lloyd George has flashed a light upon the screen.  
The dreamers who had led us all astray  
Are vividly reflected in the scene,  
With all the blood and treasure cast away.

He enters the arena, holds the ground;  
The audience cry: "The price we'll make them pay  
For souls that now are sleeping underground;  
Neglect of duty—wait and see—delay."

But George, with only one intent in life—  
To save the British Empire from decay,  
Exclaims: "The hour has come to end this strife;  
We'll settle with these men another day."

From metaphor and rhyme let's come to fact;  
The busy man of war can't brook delay;  
For all our power and energy and tact  
Are called upon to keep the foe at bay.

Our watch-dogs failed to bark, were overfed;  
The nation from its slumber failed to rise;  
The sad result, torrential blood was shed;  
John Bull, at last, in earnest ope'd his eyes.

He saw the sun at dawn, the waning moon;  
His thoughts are of the Empire—"up he gets."  
The fading light awaked this sleeping coon;  
Is this our world where sunlight never sets?

The pirates, far advanced in field of thought,  
And thirsting for our gore on land and sea;  
Destruction of our Empire they had sought,  
We're now awake, and we can "wait and see."

Whate'er befalls us we can wait awhile,  
So long's we know the nation is awake;  
At all their Hymns of Hate we now can smile,  
Like Cromwell, Nelson, Wellington, and Drake.

T. QUINLAN.

Cardiff.